

The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences :
 AND
PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE

To be continued Weekly. The 3d of the 5th Month, 1729.

THE Printer hereof having been unexpectedly hinder'd from publishing his Gazette the last Week, thinks himself oblig'd to give a reasonable Satisfaction to those concern'd in this Paper.

Tho' it may be thought impertinent to trouble the World with an Account of a private Person's Affairs, yet if the Publick are any ways injur'd or balk'd in their Expectation thereby, Decency, Good Manners and even Justice it self requires some tolerable Account or Excuse for such a Failure.

'Twould swell a Volume to a very considerable Bulk only to relate the various Scenes of Life and Circumstances the Publisher hereof has gone thro'; no History he has ever read, [keeping exactly to Truth] could ever come up to it; and as his whole Life has been truly an Original; so it has been long design'd to present the World with a true Copy thereof, for their Entertainment, under the Title of the White Negro.

To suffer Losses, Disappointments, Vexations and Distresses are what are even connected to human Nature, and what may reasonably be expected; but to be made the Shuttlecock of Fortune, to be toss'd to and fro, and as it were, made the very But for Villany to shoot at, or the continued Mark for Slander and her Imps to spit their Venom upon, must certainly have something uncommon in it, and consequently a true Relation thereof must be somewhat satisfactory if not entertaining to Persons of Judgment and Penetration.

It certainly must be allow'd somewhat strange, that a Person of strict Sincerity, refin'd Justice, and universal Love to the whole Creation, should for a Series of near twenty Years, be the constant But of Slander, as to be three Times ruin'd as a Master-Printer, to be Nine Times in Prison, one of which was Six Years together, and often reduc'd to the most wretched Circumstances, hunted as a Partridge upon the Mountains, and persecuted with the most abominable Lies the Devil himself could invent, or Malice utter, and yet all this while never any wise, good or even honest Man has been his Enemy, or knew any Evil of him, bating for the little Mistakes or Peccadilloes of human Nature.

But so it is and has been, that the Publisher hereof has been the Subject of the most uncommon Treatment, that without Hyperbole, he may truly say, no History can parallel, or private or publick Person ever underwent the like.

But waving that at present, I shall now inform my Readers, that Fame that common Strumpet, who long

has been my avowed Enemy to my Loss (as I may truly say, of several Thousand Pounds) has so far debauch'd my Enemies, that by their late Attacks I was awak'd when fast asleep in Bed, about Eleven at Night, over-tir'd with the Labour of the Day, and taken away from my Dwelling, by a Writ and Summons, it being basely and confidently given out, that I was that very Night about to run away, tho' there was not the least Colour or Ground for such a vile Report.

This was no Surprise to me at that Time; Injustice and Abuses had been so familiarly acted towards me, I was ready to meet 'em without the least Concern or Disturbance of Mind.

I had at that Juncture, a real Estate well tenanted in this City that brought me in 5 l. per Annum, at least 160 Persons in my Debt, some of whom were for no small Sums, at the same Time I ow'd but to about 30 Persons, but 3 of whom exceeded 20 l. and but 4 more exceeded 10 l. and the rest generally but trifling Sums. I had at least at the rate of 120 l. per Annum clear of all Charges secur'd to me, by my Newspaper, and Leed's Almanack, was industrious, frugal and temperate even to a Fault, seldom spending above a Groat a Day for my Diet, and many times not above Two-pence, that I might if possible, in this Scarcity of Money, be able to fulfil that Command, Owe no Man any thing but Love, yet notwithstanding all this, so great was the Villanous Contrivance, Malice and Baseness of my Enemies, that I had Writ upon Writ laid upon me, and had it not been for the exceeding Humanity, Generosity Gentleman-like and truly Christian Treatment of the Honourable High-Sheriff, 'twas very likely I should have been torn all to pieces, as I have formerly been, and made a Sacrifice to the Rage and malice of the most abandoned Miscreants.

Several of my Creditors quickly saw their Mistake, and perceived how I had been wronged, generously withdrew their Suits, and most of my other Creditors have promised to allow me Time to get in my Debts.

And as I have a considerable deal of Money owing me, I earnestly entreat those Subscribers to this Paper who have not paid their Half-Years Payment and all others that stand indebted to pay forthwith, to enable me to do Justice, and prevent my having any further Trouble.

I shall close this Just Apology for my slipping my last Paper with the following serious Lines, which dropt from my Pen, under my Confinement, and

and they being the naked Reflections of my Soul, under those melancholy Circumstances, it is hop'd they may not be unacceptable to my more serious Readers.

HOW is my honest Soul oppress'd !
Who ne'er design'd to wrong !
JESUS thou know'st I've little Rest,
Thro' Fame's most poysonous Tongue.

My Exercises have been great,
And known to thee alone,
With many a Tear, in dark Retreat,
To thee I've made my Moan.

I've often studied others Good,
Far more than did my own,
Yet those with Might and Main have stood,
Striving to pull me down.

My Foes have been for me too hard;
Their Malice has been great,
If 'tis thy Will, O set me free,
From such a wretched State.

My Soul with Sorrow all o'er clad,
Thro' Stories quite untrue,
" Yet Patience for each Trial I've had,
" And Trial for Patience too.

And whensoever I cry'd to thee,
And fix'd on thee, my Mind,
In Prison was at Liberty,
In Liberty confin'd.

And Friends thou'st rais'd, by me unthought,
To moderate my Grief,
Who've undeserved Kindness brought,
And handed me Relief.

O Christ now hear my panting Soul,
That I may Justice do,
For which my Bowels often rowl:
My Liberty renew.

Justice is thine: Thou gav'st it me,
And grav'd it on my Heart;
Tho' for my other Sins, From Thee,
I know this Time I smart.

O let me then contented be,
Altho' I suffer Loss,
Calmly submitting unto thee,
'Till purg'd from all my Dross.

On little more than Bread I'll live.
No Delicacies taste,
Till every one their Due I give,
Nor Time will ever waste.

In humble Sort I'll spend my Days,
With Diligence and Care,
For he that's humble in his Ways,
No Fall he need to fear.

With Wings of Faith, in Peace and Love,
I'll the base World despise,
No more will her Deceits approve,
No more believe her Lies.

OUR Readers are desired to excuse the omitting to insert that Part of the *Instructor* which usually began our Paper, by reason we have not room this Time; proceed we now to go on with religious Courtship.

The Gentleman being cast off by his Mistress because he was not religious, grew very much disturb'd in his Mind, and liv'd in this Condition some Months; his Friends perceiving him to be very melancholy, tried many Ways to divert him, but none reach'd his Case, or if they did, they understood not how to advise him, for his Relations were most like himself, People of Levity and Gallantry, being rich and gay; a Family that dealt very little in Matters of Religion: He had an Aunt, his Mother's Sister, who seemed very much concerned about it; but as she thought, all that ailed him was his being cross'd in his Affection, she work'd her Thoughts about, Night and Day, to find out a Wife for him, and so to take his Thoughts off, and turn them another Way: At length she found out a young Lady in the City, of a very great Fortune; for she had near Twenty Thousand Pound to her Portion, and she ply'd it so warmly with him; that he consented to treat of it with her Friends, and his Circumstances being such as few Fortunes would refuse, he found his Way clear enough, and so went to visit the young Lady.

It was an odd kind of Courtship you may be sure, and he went about it accordingly; for as he confess'd afterward, he resolv'd, before he saw her, not to like her, or any thing she said or did; no, nor ever to be in earnest with her upon the Thing; only to jest with and banter her, and he told his Aunt so before-hand; however his Aunt would not take him at his Word, but would have him wait upon her, and so he did; but he needed not to have taken up any Resolutions in the Case, for he was spoiled for Courtship already, at least for most of the Ladies of the Times; he had no Relish for any of their Conversation; it was like Musick to one that had no Ear; all the Gayety and Flutter about them was lost upon him; his first Mistress had treated him with such solid Reasoning, such serious Talk, and had handled him after such a Manner, that in short nothing but what was serious had now any Relish with him; however, as I have said, he resolv'd to put a Force upon himself so far, as to go and see what kind of Thing his new Mistress was, and accordingly he did go as above.

But when he had been one Evening there, and had talk'd a little with her, he soon saw he had no need of making Resolutions; that he was in no Danger of being insnared by her; the Levity of her Behaviour, the Emptiness of her Discourse, the Weakness of her Conduct, made him sick of her the very first Time; and when he came away, he said to himself, *Is it possible for any man in his Senses, to bear this Shuttlecock, that had but been one half Hour with my other Mistress!* and away he came not pleased at all: However he went again for some Time, till at last, not find-

finding things mend, but rather grow worse, he was resolved he would talk a little with her about Religion; and as he ask'd her one Night, *what Religion she was of?* she answered him just in the very Words that he had banter'd his other Mistress, *O, says she, I am a mighty good Christian.* I believe so, thought he, just such another as I was, when I was ask'd the same Question. However he conceal'd his Thoughts, resolv'd to carry it on a little farther, and gave her a mighty civil Answer; *I don't doubt that, Madam,* says he, *Well, says she then, what would you have more?* Nay, nothing, Madam, returned he, *I was only in Jest.* O, says she, *You want to know what Opinion I am of?* You see I am no Quaker. No, says he, Madam, *I am not concern'd about your Opinion: you may easily have as much Religion as I.* Nay, says she, *I han't troubled my Head much about it; I don't know what I may do, when I keep a Chaplain.* He had enough of that Discourse, and so he turn'd it off to something else; for tho' it was almost the Pattern of what he had done with his first Mistress, yet it look'd with such a different Face to him now, that, as he said afterwards, it made his very Blood run cold within him; and fill'd him with Horror at his own Picture, which, he thought, now was set before his Eyes in all its just Deformities. When he came away from her, he said to himself, *Well, now I see the true Force of what that dear Creature argued for her self against me; That to venture upon me, while I declared against Religion, was to run her self into the Pit with her Eyes open, and ruin her self by meer premeditated Choice: It would be just so with me in this Case, if I should marry this Butterfly, we should even go hand in hand very lovingly to the Devil. This will not do my Business!* So he put an End to that Affair as soon as he could, and resolv'd to see her no more.

All this while he had no Assistance from either Books, Friends, Ministers, or any Body, only the just and natural Reflections of his own Reason: But he was a Gentleman of polite Manners, and bred to Conversation with Gentlemen of the best Quality, as well as of the best Parts, Government of himself was the more easy, and he restrained the Dejection of his Spirits from making any extraordinary Discovery of it self, only that he appeared a little more sedate, and more thoughtful than before, and was a little more retir'd in his Way of Living; but not so much, but that he came often into publick Company, as before.

It happen'd one Time, that in promiscuous Conversation at a Chocolate-House near the Court, this Gentleman and seven or eight more being present, the Company fell from talking of News to talking of Religion: The Discourse began about the Differences which had happened in France lately, and were then depending between the Pope and the French Clergy; and of the Sorbonne or Faculty of Theology, as they are called there, being at that Time employed in drawing up a new System of Divinity, or Body of Doctrine as they call'd it; and as a Consequence, it was hinted how likely it was,

that such a strict Enquiry made by Men of Learning and Vertue, into the Fundamentals of Religion, should lead them at last into Protestant Principles, and break that whole Kingdom off from the Errors and Ignorance of Popery, opening the Eyes of the People to Christian Knowledge. There being some sober and sensible Gentlemen there, the Discourse was carried on very gravely and judiciously, and the whole Company seem'd to receive it with Pleasure; when a couple of young Beaus, who happened to be in the Room, beginning to be tir'd with a thing so much out of their way, one of them rises up on a sudden, and says to the other, *Come, Jack, I am tir'd of this dull, religious Stuff; prithee let us go, there's nothing in it:* Ay, says t'other, with all my Heart, I know nothing of the Matter: *Come, will you go to the Opera?* There sat another young Gentleman of their Acquaintance there, and they pull'd him to come with them; No, says he, I like this Discourse very well, 'tis worth two Operas to me: *Why, says t'other, how long have you been in Orders, pray?* Is such Stuff, as that, fit Conversation for Gentlemen? Yes, says the sober young Gentleman, I think it is; *Pray what can there be in religious Conversation, that is unfit for a Gentleman?* There sat an ancient Nobleman by, talking with a Clergyman, who hearing the young Gentleman's Reply, fell a laughing; for this Discourse put the former Subject to a Stop. On my Word, Gentlemen, says his Lordship, Mr. ---- has met with you: I don't think you can answer his Question. Yes, my Lord, says the foolish Beau, I think 'tis below a Man of Quality to trouble his Head about it. *Pray, Sir, says the Lord, is it below a Man of Quality to be a Christian?* O, my Lord, says the other Beau, bantering and jesting, *We are mighty good Christians at the Opera;* and turning away to his Comrade, says he, *Come, come, Jack, prithee, let's go;* so they went both out together, for they did not care to engage. Our Gentleman listned with Pleasure to all this Discourse, till he heard those Words, *mighty good Christians,* and then he reflected upon his having used that Expression to his Mistress, and how his last Lady gave him the same Return, and he thought it was so empty, so absurd a Turn, to a Thing of that Consequence, that he reproach'd himself with having talk'd so foolishly, and was ashamed to think, how like one of these Fops he had appeared to her; and how he had talk'd after the same senseless way, which he now look'd upon to be the most empty, scandalous Thing in the World.

To be continued in our next.

An Extract of a Letter from the Agent of the Province of New-Jersey, Dated from London, the 21st of the 2d Month, 1729.

‘ **T** Here is at this Time a Bill depending in the House of Commons; for preventing the felling or cutting down any White Pine

Pine Trees (except such as are actually fenced in) in the Plantations: And also a Clause in said Bill, prohibiting the maintaining or erecting any Iron-Forges for making Bar-Iron, or Iron-Rods, that they might send over their Sow and Pigg Iron here; which I apprehend would be of very ill Consequence to our Plantations, and therefore I have prepared a Petition this Day to the House of Commons against it, desiring to be heard by Council before the Bill pass'd, and the *New-England* Agents are doing the like, and don't much doubt but shall stop it. We petition separately, but a State of our Case we have got printed together, one of which comes enclosed.

The 24th.

Yesterday my Petition was deliver'd and read in the House of Commons by Alderman *Bernard*, one of the City-Representatives, and is referred to a Committee of the whole House, to whom the Bill is committed, and I am to be heard by Council, &c.

The State of the Case mentioned in this Letter, is as followeth, viz.

The Case of the Provinces of the Massachusetts-Bay, and New-Jersey, and the Colonies of Connecticut, and Rhode-Island, and Providence-Plantations, with respect to the Bill now in the honourable House of Commons, entitled, A Bill for Preservation of his Majesty's Woods in America, and for the Encouragement of the Importation of Naval Stores from thence, &c.

IT is propos'd to be enacted by the said Bill, That no Person in his Majesty's Colonies in *America*, shall cut or fell any white Pine-Trees, except only such as are the Property of private Persons, and growing within some Fence or actual Inclosure.

To this it is humbly offered, for and on Behalf of the said Colonies, that their Lands are originally granted to the first Planters from the Crown, with all the Woods growing thereon (as is expressly mentioned in their Charters or Patents) and without any Reservation whatsoever.

That the present Occupants claim under those Patents; and therefore humbly hope they have good Freeholds; and that to strip them thereof, without giving them any Equivalent, would be a great Infringement of their Charters, and inconsistent with that Equity and Justice ever observ'd by this honourable House.

That if this Bill should pass into a Law, the Colonies will be no longer liable to supply his Majesty's Islands in *America*, as now they do with Pine-Boards, and Pine-Timber, so necessary for their Houses and Sugar-works and other Occasions, which would very much hurt if not ruin those Islands.

And whereas there is an Exception for such Wood-Lands as are within an actual Fence or Inclosure; this will be no Relief; because none of their Woods are so inclosed; it being not only needless, but the Charge of erecting such Fences would amount to as much or more than the Value of the Woods so inclosed.

And whereas it is further provided in this Bill, That no Forge going by Water, or other Work whatsoever, shall be erected or kept up, in any of the *British* Plantations, for converting any Sow, Piggs, or cast Iron, into Bar or Rod Iron: And that all Governours are enjoined under a Penalty to demolish such Works, it is humbly represented in Behalf of those Colonies, that this would be to take away and destroy in a violent Manner the Estates of many of his Majesty's Subjects, without any Crime or Offence on their Part, and without furnishing them with any other Means to subsist themselves and Families: This (as it is conceived) would be a most extraordinary Proceeding any where, but especially in a Kingdom so renowned as this for Liberty and Justice.

For what relates to the making of Bar-Iron in the Plantations on the Continent, it is submitted to the Wisdom of the Honourable House; whether the refusing them that Liberty, may not be hurtful to the woollen Manufactures of this Kingdom. It is known that the Merchants here send so great a Quantity of those and other *British* Goods to the Plantations, that they are obliged to build Ships there for Returns. If therefore Iron should be render'd so dear, that the Merchants can't afford to build Ships there, they can't have Returns for their Goods as usual, and consequently the Exportations of our Manufactures would be very much less'n'd in those Parts.

London:

There is a Report pass'd current, that Sir *Robert Walpole* is sent to the Tower, but whether it is Matter of Fact, we are not yet certain.

Entred Inwards, July 3.

Ship *John & Anne*, *Tho. Warcup* from *Plymouth*.

Sloop *Surinam*, *Hen. Norwood*, from *Antegoa*.

Ship *Peace*, *Tho. Lambert*, from *London*.

Entred Outwards.

Sloop *Jane*, *Richard Mullington*, for *Cape-Fere*.

Sloop *Ruby*, *William Pearman*, for *Barbadoes*.

Sloop *John & Eliz. Sam. Pierpoint*, from *St. Kitts*.

Cleared.

Brig. *Olive-Branch*, *David Birch* to *Milford*.

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PHILADELPHIA: Printed by Samuel Keimer, where Subscriptions are taken in for this Paper, at Ten Shillings a Year, and Advertisements inserted at Three Shillings each.